

mind giving me a hand?" Now mind you it was about 8:00 in the evening and Dad hadn't even eaten dinner yet, but it was Jessica, so we went over right away, of course after we grabbed the necessary tools: a fishing net, racquetball racquets and leather gloves. We show up and Jess and her roommate are hiding in her car. Dad is there to save the day so they got out of the car and proceeded to tell us the bat was this big, it had fangs and was hissing at them. Frankie had also shown up in the mean time. The three guys go into the house looking all over. We went upstairs to double check rooms we already searched and as Dad opened a door, he saw it flying and slammed the door shut. The hunt was on, we had it trapped in one room, but we had to make our plan. Frankie suggested going out onto the roof of the farmer's porch from the other bedroom and try to see where the bat was. I crawled out onto the roof and made my way over to the bedroom window. The shades were almost all the way shut, except for a small slot in the middle. Dad has his hand on the door ready to barge through with the racquet when I give him the okay. I see the TINY bat flying around. I'm yelling, "Not yet, not yet!" from the roof, and then I'm not sure where it is, so I said, "I think it landed in the closet." Dad makes his charge, but I was wrong, it wasn't in the closet, it was flying right at him. In a flash, I see his eyes light up, a scream come out of his mouth, and the racquet whipping around. I almost rolled off the roof I was laughing so hard as I witnessed this all through the window. Once again, our Hero came through. A little side note to Frankie, No pressure, but if you had plans to ask Dad for Jessica's hand in marriage you're in trouble, because now you have to come through me!

This next one is about Toby, another one I could go on all day about. One day, all 6 kids went to McDonald's with Mom. Right before we left the restaurant Toby snatched up some ketchup packets and put them in his pocket. When we arrived home, Toby decided that it would be funny to put the ketchup under the tires of Mom's car. Next thing you know, Mom drove off and the ketchup splattered all over the driveway.

We all thought this was hysterical, until later that evening when Dad YELLED downstairs, "Kids, get up here! All of you!"

We all thought we were going to get into trouble for the ketchup incident and didn't think twice about pushing Toby up the stairs first (since he did it of course). As we all crept up the stairs, cowering behind Toby, we inched down the seemingly never-ending hallway to Mom and Dad standing in the kitchen. With the look of death on their faces, we became more nervous. They sat us down and began speaking in a stern voice. But instead of getting in trouble, they proceeded to tell us that we would be visiting Disney World for Christmas.

I bet they never saw such relieved faces as we all laughed and jumped around. We then all started to laugh about thinking we were going to be in such trouble over the ketchup and ended up telling Mom and Dad what had happened earlier that day. To our relief, they laughed too and Toby wasn't in trouble. It turns out Disney wasn't the only thing on the agenda. Dad also built a fireplace for his sister Jackie while we were down there on vacation.

Todd. When it came to just about everything my Dad did, safety was always one of the most important things. One day at work, we were coming to the top of a big chimney. We had staging set up on the roof, and a hoist ladder to bring the material up to the roof. Todd was always the best tree climber in the family, so he was elected to walk the material from the ladder to the staging and up the incline of the roof. Like I said, Dad

was always safety conscious, so he tied a rope around Todd and then tied it to the staging, in case he slipped. Todd backed up a step and had a very nervous look on his face. My father was concerned and said, "Todd, are you still afraid to fall," and he replied, "No". So he asked why he looked so scared, and Todd replied, "I don't like being tied so close to you that I don't have a chance to get away before you slap me if I do something wrong." It was always tough love from Dad.

Some of those stories make him sound like a bad guy, but really, he only meant the best for his kids. Officially, he only had 6 kids, but sometimes it seemed more like 26. He treated so many of our friends and relatives as if they were his own. For example, even with 6 kids on his hands, he didn't hesitate for a second to bring his nephew Jeremy into our house when his brother fell off a roof and was paralyzed. Jeremy became another brother to all of us. There are many others he treated with the same love, to name a few, TJ, Rick and Reg, Frankie and Shawn, Lisa, Nicky, Lyle, Bobby, Patrick, All of the guys that ever worked from him, Mike, the Kenny's, Scooter, Billy, and many others, you know who you are.

Not only was he a great father to many, but he was also a true friend and brother. Over the past couple of days, it felt kind of strange hearing some of these people say sorry to me for my loss, and the rest of my brothers and sisters. It felt strange because I thought I should be saying the same to them knowing what they lost, the best friend or brother you could ever ask for. Aunt Ruby, Aunt Jackie, Uncle Gerry, Uncle Norm, Ralph, Peter, Billy, Rudy, Klaus, Ronny and so many others, I just can't name them all.

As a Peper, to his 7 ½ grandchildren, Victoria, Ali, Gary B, Mitch, AJ, Kelly, Josh, and one soon to be. What a treat to go to Peper's house, the surprise bag (a toy or treat for each kid, every time they came to the house), rides on the bobcat, playing in the sand pile, ice cream sundaes right after breakfast, the ball pit, swings on the tree, and even a swing in the house just in case it rained. If your Mom or Dad said No, just ask Peper.

As a husband, Mom, I don't know how you did it. Not only did she take care of 6 kids, but he was the biggest kid of all. He loved to play: fishing, Nascar, racquetball, driving the vette (at 160 mph early Sunday morning). There was so many things he loved to do and he did them right to the end, but most sacred of all in his heart was you Mom. He couldn't have done any of the things he did without knowing you would be waiting there for him when he got home. Especially seeing the only thing the man could cook was popcorn!

Thank You.

AMERICA'S TECHNOLOGY INDUSTRY

HON. C.L. "BUTCH" OTTER

OF IDAHO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 23, 2002

Mr. OTTER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to place into the RECORD a newspaper article carrying a welcome story about America's technology industry. Over the last year the financial markets, as well as the American people, have been rocked by stories of huge corporations that used accounting chicanery and outright lies to defraud investors. I am proud to say that Micron, based in Boise, Idaho, has a worldwide reputation for conservative ac-

counting and fair-dealing with employees, investors, and the community. I am hopeful that innovative, upstanding companies like Micron will lead this Nation into economic recovery and renewed faith in the marketplace.

[From the EE Times, Asia, Sept. 16, 2002]

MICRON'S COST MANAGEMENT ENVY

Micron execs have been talking about conservative financial management long before the industry came to know about the shocking revelations of Worldcom's accounting irregularities.

Some EEs in Silicon Valley often wonder how Micron Technology Inc. escapes cyclical storms that have become the hallmark of semiconductor businesses. Industry observers generally point to its single-minded focus on memories and its frugal culture that helps keep production costs low.

But there is something more remarkable about the Boise, Idaho-based company that became evident only lately: conservative accounting. Micron execs have been talking about conservative financial management long before the industry came to know about the shocking revelations of WorldCom's accounting irregularities.

Memory business has been intensely competitive, and on top of that, sometimes countries or rather a group of companies tend to make memories a strategic business. "We prepare for that by not borrowing too much money, which helps us prepare to face all kinds of situations," says a Micron executive.

In 1990, Micron was ranked as the 11th DRAM maker, while last year, it was the second largest memory vendor. Despite the rupture of the Hynix deal and the fear of decline in DRAM market this year, Micron is progressively investing in new technologies.

The memory chipmaker has recently demonstrated the first DDR-II system for PC applications—with memory channel running at 533/MHz data rate for a channel bandwidth of 4,300/Mbps. The demonstration included a variety of developments including a 256/Mb DDR-II device, a hardware-analysis board and signal-analysis software.

The system would allow not only to verify DDR-II channel performance, but also to characterize how well the channel works for various operating conditions, data patterns as well as timing and voltage margins.

While Micron's decisions are driven around cost scenarios, this tradition will be soon be put to the test in the much talked-about 200/mm-to-300/mm conversion. So far, the chipmaker seems to be a trendsetter as it relates the 300/mm transition to production cost. As CEO Steve Appleton puts it, the company doesn't care what anyone else is doing, unless it helps to drive the cost of 300/mm and change the model.

After the irrational exuberance of 2000 was followed by pessimism last year, the industry is waking up to new realities born out of accounting loopholes. Here, Micron's prescience and financial savvy can provide some significant lessons.

INTRODUCTION OF THE WATER RESOURCES DEVELOPMENT ACT OF 2002

HON. DON YOUNG

OF ALASKA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 23, 2002

Mr. YOUNG of Alaska. Mr. Speaker, I am very pleased to introduce, along with the Ranking Member of the Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, James Oberstar, the